

The Chariton Courier

By J. H. WILLARD
KEYTESVILLE, MISSOURI

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The Courier wishes its many friends, subscribers, and borrowers alike, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Truly, there are worlds of reasons why we should be merry this year of 1922 and the new year of 1923 already looks good to everyone.

If Moberly is really going to lose the Wabash railroad shops because of certain conditions that neither the city authorities nor the U. S. armed troops have seen fit to do away with, Keytesville might be willing to offer some very attractive propositions and reasons why the shops could be moved here with profit to all concerned.

Directly this American Country will be up against propaganda for keeps, and we may expect the ex-kaiser to appear on some lyceum bureau or something as seen from the following: "Dr. Karl Wirth, former German Chancellor who resigned on Nov. 14, plans to make a tour of the United States early next year, says a Central News dispatch from Berlin."

Representative Andrew J. Volstead, author of the national prohibition act, prefers the return of the saloon to the legislation of light wine and beer—now the goal of anti-prohibition forces. The sale of wine and beer for consumption in the home would debauch the women and children of the country while the sale of liquor in a saloon can be controlled to some extent, the veteran dry legislator argued, in a speech before the Men's Bible classes of St. Louis Saturday night.

Won't somebody head off John L. Lewis and his propaganda for another coal strike in the spring. By spring there will not be mountains of surplus coal standing here and there as there was at the beginning of the last unpleasantness with the coal diggers. Right now is the time to get busy. If needs be let the government take a hand, and while the government, under President Harding is sitting in at the round-table lets do something besides issue calls for a conference, a banquet and then ditto and ditto until industry is again sidetracked, and the profiteers get another excuse to boost the prices.

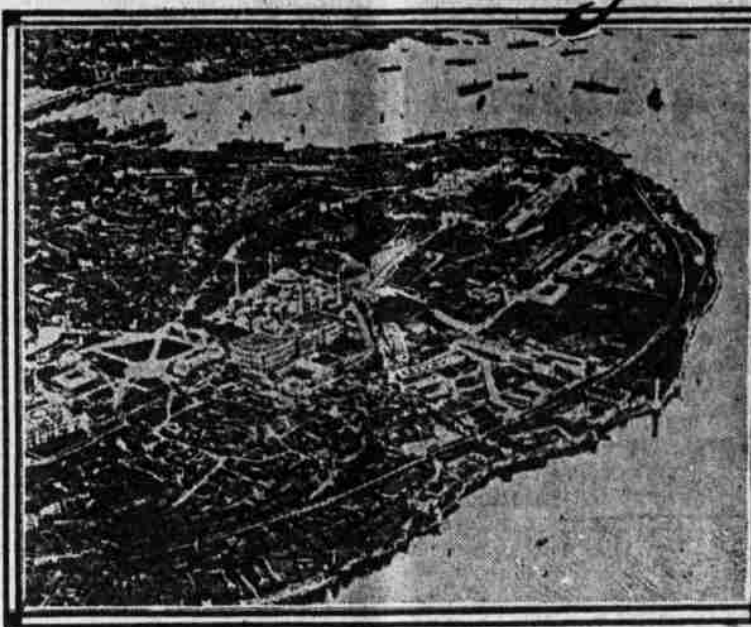
Some of the fellows who are continually howling their heads off because the editor failed to report a certain bit of "spicy" scandal, would be the very first ones to appeal to the editor not to say anything about "such and thus"—it happening to be a fact that "such and thus" related to themselves or to members of their family or family connection. Such bunc makes the editor sick. The editor knows of about one dozen "affairs" (which he can prove) which he is able to write up in perfectly understandable English—if need be in words of two syllables—that would make some interesting reading and which would more than likely "satisfy" the geek who asked recently why the press of the county did not write up so and so. Yes, we'll admit the stories would be interesting. If the writing and publishing would put a stop to certain things we might go out and fill up a couple of columns a week and run under a standing head. We do not believe in printing a paper of that kind.

Touching the wet and dry proposition, we believe that every person will agree that no good citizen will violate the constitution of his country. We were impressed with the pertinence of a statement made in our presence the other day by a gentleman who admitted that in former days he had not been adverse to occasionally taking a social drink. He said that recently while he was visiting in another town he met an old friend who asked him how he would like a good drink of whiskey, and when an affirmative answer was given the friend invited him to come on. But the gentleman said his answer was "No! Much as I would enjoy a drink of good whiskey, if you were to show me where I can get it I would feel it my duty as a good citizen to report you to the Judge of our Circuit Court; because your act would be in violation of the constitution of the United States, and I deem it the duty of every loyal citizen to defend the constitution of his country against being violated."—Linn County Bulletin.

A few days ago the headlines of a great daily paper told us of three youths being arrested for robbery. These youths were still students in high school. What a rebuke on the up-to-now modern home! There are three contributing courses mainly to blame for the crime of today. First, home influences—no restraint, no shingles, no anything that should be in vogue. Second, the moving pictures, showing just how to make 'em "stick 'em up." A patron of the movies in the great cities where sensation is the thing that gets by at the ticket office, sees all this nearly every day. A picture lesson is one of the most lasting and convincing. Third, the rotten sensational press of the great cities. They tell of the fortunes made day by day by the hold-up artists. The papers show how the robbers made a "clean get-a-way" the seed is again sown. Just a little evolution starting with the youth at home, where restraint and religion and the little trips to the woodshed are unknown experiences. Next the picture lesson at the movies, and the city editor and reporter telling how it was done. Its plain. There is no plausible argument against the findings as above stated.

A special assessment is being gathered from all members of the United Mine Workers and it is hoped that more than \$2,000,000 will have been raised by April 1, when the union's agreement with the operators ends. Whether the war between the miners and operators breaks out again and the country is saddled with another strike is entirely up to the operators, union officials declare. John L. Lewis, international president of the United Mine Workers, on a recent tour of the anthracite section, while reluctant to discuss the possibility of another strike, said that the union positively would not accept any wage reduction April 1, when the present agreement in the bituminous field expires and that the union would stand by its demand for a continuation of the present wage scale for another two years. The actual wage conference under the Cleveland agreement will begin January 8, 1923. Union officials in this section declare that, while the anthracite agreement runs until next September, the success of the bituminous miners next spring will mean everything to them when they start negotiations for a new agreement next fall. It is predicted here the anthracite field will solidly back the bituminous miners in any action they may decide to take.

Constantine's City



Airplane View of Constantinople.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Few places in the world have exercised such a power of attraction for travelers as Constantinople, or have had such widespread reputation for being picturesque.

The severe, classic art of Athens is not found here; nor the dignity of Rome; nor the exciting, sullen spirit that permeates Peking. It is not gay like Paris, nor learned like Berlin. An archeologist would be better pleased with Egypt. But this is the place before which Gautier, Byron, Loti, De Amicis and Lamartine wept and swooned with delight before they sat down to fill books with ecstatic praises. But practical modernity has left its mark everywhere.

Already there are on all sides the changes due to western influence—trams, electric lights, telephones and a new safe bridge.

Constantinople's geographical position has made her sanguinary history, for she controls a high road of commerce between Asia and Europe, and Nature herself planned the ports. The city is divided into three separated quarters, Stamboul and Pera-Galata lie on the European side, the Golden Horn between them, and Scutari sits on the Asiatic side, across the Bosphorus. Like outstretched arms, the two straits come up from the Sea of Marmora to the south.

Galata and Pera are the European quarter, opposite Stamboul, where the representatives of foreign powers have long maintained their embassies and homes. Once the suburbs of Stamboul, this part of the city was known as Justinianopolis until the Genoese made it into an Italian town and fortified it with walls and many towers, one of which, the Galata Fire Tower, still stands; a lofty lookout station from which fires are reported and signals flashed to ships after dark.

Nowadays all Pera's crooked streets are alive with Allied soldiers, refugees, relief workers, adventurers, peddlers, beggars, and a few tourists. Passports, unless one has business, are difficult to get, and tourists are rarely seen.

The American residents number about four hundred, the largest colony between Rome and Manila. There is but little social life, and the only places of amusement are the cafes and restaurants, with their adjoining cabarets and moving-picture screens.

Galata Bridge Its Keypoint.

While the Galata bridge between the European quarter and Stamboul still lives up to its tradition of having every nationality in the world cross it at least once an hour, it lacks some of its old charm, because of the Turkish people's renunciation of color. The men for the most part have adopted the European business suit, with which they wear a red fez, and the women's costumes are usually of black.

What the Rialto bridge is to Venice, the Pont Neuf to Paris, the Westminster to London, so is the Galata bridge to Constantinople—the keypoint to the city.

A constant stream of polyglot peoples flows across the Golden Horn: Russian refugees, in pajamas tucked into trousers grown too large; Armenian and Greek merchants and refugees; British, French and Italian army and navy officers; American sailors; Chinese, Japanese and Persian merchants; the last of the outmoded eunuchs; dervishes in brown, with cone-shaped hats; Cretans in baggy trousers and embroidered vests; Greek priests with black chiffon veils streaming from their hats; hamals (porters) with roomfuls of furniture on their backs; Arabs in yellow burnouses; maimed and diseased beggars; Mohammedan priests in pink or green robes; black troops in red caps and sashes; Jewish guides; American relief workers; Hindustani guards in twisted turbans and scarlet capes; an occasional woman gypsy in baggy trousers; Levantine tradesmen; Albanian peasants in embroidered white leggings; Hawaiians, Filipinos, and a few drummers from "points west of Chicago"—all these pass back and forth in the course of a day.

The taxes were recently doubled on the bridge, and the eight Turkish collectors were ordered to make the Turkish women, previously exempt, pay for

the privilege of crossing the Golden Horn. The women, however, indignantly refused, and at both ends of the bridge a constant conflict went on between protesting officials and the women, who slipped by with exclamations of anger.

The collectors did not have the temerity to lay hands on these toll evaders, because Turkish women were for so long a time the exclusive property of their husbands that custom still forbids a man detaining a woman by force in any sort of public argument.

The traditional sacredness that surrounds the person of a Turkish woman had a curious result during the war, for the Turks did not dare to search one of them, even though it was known that she carried unlawful messages in her garments.

On both sides of the bridge are docks for small steamers that take commuters back and forth between the Golden Horn and Scutari, the 15 stations of the Bosphorus, and the Princes Islands. At rush hours these efficiently operated boats are as packed as a New York ferry.

Stamboul Is Really Turkish.

If anything of the real Turkey is to be seen, Pera must be abandoned for Stamboul. In this ancient city, which was Byzantium and New Rome, the mosques, coffee houses, turbehs (domed tombs) and fountains remind one, even in their dilapidation, of the city's past days of greatness.

Although the houses are nearly all constructed of wood, they are never painted, for the Turks have a theory that if their property looks prosperous their taxes will be increased. So the window lattices crumble and fall, the boards sag, the shingles warp, and nothing is repaired.

The population is inactive and looks discouraged. Men sit in cafes and talk about the hard times. Old graybeards sit on the sidewalks and smoke nargilehs. The letter-writer has a stand near the centrally located mosques, and still makes an excellent living from the Turks, few of whom can read or write.

A group of dervishes, who, like the city, have declined in picturesqueness, pass slowly up the streets. Hamals, the native expressmen, stagger along, crying, "Make way!" As in the old days, kababjees slice off strips of roasting meat to tempt the appetites of the passersby.

As in Pera, Russian refugees have been everywhere, selling flowers, kewpie dolls, oil paintings of Constantinople, cakes and trinkets, books and newspapers printed in Russian. They slept in the open streets and on the steps of the mosque. They loafed, begged, worked when they could find a job, and sometimes sobbed with hunger.

Burned Houses Not Rebuilt.

The devastating fires that have ever been working toward the destruction of Constantinople caused the city to be built anew every 50 years, until a law was passed prohibiting the construction of wooden houses on the site of burned ones; in fact, it was provided that no houses at all should be built until the city government planned new streets.

Nothing has been done about the planning, however, and the result is that one-fourth of Stamboul—more than 22,000 houses, burned during the past twelve years—still lies in ashes. Scutari, too, has vast ruined sections. So has Pera, on a much smaller scale. The publisher of The Orient, the only American newspaper in Stamboul, says that the fires have caused the housing situation to become acute and the rents to mount enormously. In fact, it costs more to live in Constantinople today than in any other city in the world, not excepting New York. The city is especially crowded now with refugees and foreigners, who add 30 per cent to the population, which, according to estimated figures, now totals 2,250,000.

This overcrowded condition will grow worse until some one starts to rebuild the ruined areas. As Stamboul has stood since 300 B. C., it would be a crime against science to rebuild without scientific supervision of the digging and a systematic exploration of the site by archeologists.

Christmas presents for the neighbors—See the fancy glassware for 25c pie plates, 10c each, and sauce dishes for 60c.

Howe's Surprise Store.
Marceline, Mo.

BUNDRIDGE CASES ARE DISMISSED

Eighty-nine state cases against Walter and Vern Bundridge, former president and cashier, respectively, of the defunct Farmers & Merchants Bank of Moberly, which closed its doors on May 11, were dismissed in the circuit court, Monday by Prosecuting Attorney Redick O'Bryan.

The cases represent charges of receiving money when the institution was in a failing condition, resulting from grand jury indictments.

Both the former bankers are now serving terms in the state penitentiary in Jefferson City.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Michael were in

Moberly Saturday, returning Sunday. Mrs. Alec Taylor spent the week end at Shanondale visiting at the home of Wm. Beckett.

The O. A. Gwinn family on the Benson place burned out last Thursday. It is reported the insurance policies lapsed only a short time before the fire.

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION

State of Missouri, County of Chariton.—ss.
In the Circuit Court at Salisbury, February term, 1923.
Charles H. Mason

Plaintiff.

vs.
Bryon Slaght, Edward Moberg and Augusta Moberg, his wife, R. X. DeGraw, J. Mittington, James Clements, Jr., John M. Bennett, Joseph M. Bay, Elijah D. Harvey, Isaac Jones, Jonathan Rountree, Peter T. Abell, Walter Sherman, Jason H. Sherman, John C. Coder, Amos M. Johnson and Melissa H. Johnson, his wife, John W. Strawbridge, D. C. Strawbridge, John W. Walker and Annie H. Walker, his wife, James W. Walker, Belle M. Armstrong and H. N. Armstrong, her husband, and the unknown devisees, donees, alienees and immediate, mesne and remote, voluntary and involuntary grantees of each and all of the following named persons, to-wit: J. Mittington, James Clements, Jr., John M. Bennett, Joseph M. Bay, Elijah D. Harvey, Isaac Jones, Jonathan Rountree, Peter T. Abell, Walter Sherman, Jason H. Sherman, John C. Coder, Amos M. Johnson and Melissa H. Johnson, his wife, John W. Strawbridge, D. C. Strawbridge, John W. Walker, James W. Walker, Belle M. Armstrong.

Defendants.

To all the above named or described defendants except R. X. Degraw.

Greetings:
You are hereby notified that an action has been commenced against you in the Circuit Court of the County of Chariton, in the State of Missouri,

affecting the title to the following described lands and tenements, situated in said county and state, to-wit: All that part of the northeast quarter of section three (3) bounded as follows: beginning at the southeast corner of said quarter section, thence north along the section line 40 rods and 2 1/2 feet, thence west 134 rods and 2 1/2 feet, thence south 40 rods and 2 1/2 feet to the half section line, thence east along the half section line 134 rods and 2 1/2 feet to the place of beginning; also a strip of ground 53 rods wide off the north side of the southeast quarter of said section three (3) all in township fifty-six (56) range twenty (20), containing approximately eighty-seven (87) acres; which said action is returnable to the first day of the next term of said court to be held at the usual place for holding court in the City of Salisbury, in the county and state aforesaid, on the 5th day of February, 1923, when and where you may appear and answer or otherwise defend such action; otherwise plaintiff's petition will be taken out as confessed and judgment rendered accordingly.

It is further ordered that a copy hereof be published according to law in the Chariton Courier, a newspaper published in said county, for four weeks successively, the last insertion to be at least 15 days before the first day of said February Term, 1922, of said court.

(SEAL) W. G. WRIGHT, Clerk.
A true copy from the Record.
Witness my hand and the seal of the Circuit Court of Chariton County, Missouri, this 13 day of December, 1922.
(SEAL) W. G. WRIGHT, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Chariton County, Missouri.

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